

THE DAILY STAR

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1934

COVINGTON.

J. W. Walker has returned from his Eastern trip.

Four cows were stolen the other night from John Yeller, on the Alexandria Pike.

MAYOR'S COURT.—A. Clark, drunk and disorderly, \$5; John Badke, same, \$3; Dave O'Neal, breach of peace, \$3.

To-morrow night, Mr. Charles H. Bronson and Miss Grace Darling Hanson will be united at Trinity Episcopal Church.

The Social Tens give an entertainment Wednesday evening at Toonham's Hall, and the Social Sevens at the same time at Stockham's.

Rev. Gustav Weiler has been retained for another year as pastor of the German M. E. Church, at the corner of Tenth and Russell streets.

Mr. Julius L. Bristol, County Clerk, will be married to-night, at the First Presbyterian Church, to Miss Kate Combs, of Fayette County.

The silver wedding of Rev. Dr. Worral took place last night at his home, No. 27 West Fourth street. The wedding gifts were numerous and beautiful.

The Hayes and Wheeler Club will meet at Oddfellows' Hall to-night, E. E. Wood, Esq., of Newport, and Col. Wenden O'Neal, of this city, will address the meeting.

The Seventh Ward Tilden and Hendricks Club will parade next Saturday morning through the principal streets of the city. The Sixth, Ninth and First Ward Clubs are invited to attend.

John A. Seely, the popular cigar vendor at 385 Scott street, has combined the useful with the accommodating. He has established a branch ticket office at his place, where any who desire to go to the Grand Opera-house or buy a cigar may be satisfied.

The last car of the Madison-street line was boarded last night by a set of ruffians at the Cincinnati end of the bridge and the use of their obscene and foul language caused a number of respectable ladies to get out of the car. The driver is to be blamed for allowing such conduct.

In the Circuit Court, the case of H. E. Shawhan against P. Zina and others to set aside the Kentucky Central Railroad compromise, Judge Boyd declined to hear it on the ground that he is interested in the stock, and Judge Menzies chosen by consent.

Judge O. D. McManis, of the Boone County Court, in his charge to the Grand Jury, denounced the persons who had aided and abetted in the late prize fight. He especially called the attention of the jury to the case of Receiver McLeod, of the Louisville Short-line.

The Grand Lodge of Knights of Pythias of Kentucky meets at Louisville today.

The Van Voast Guards have received their guns from the Adjutant of Kentucky.

Adam Gaph, arrested Sunday for being disorderly, was fined \$1 and costs by Judge Gessler.

The City and County Republican Executive Committee met to-night at the Court-house, to make arrangements for the City Convention.

Marshall Dave Lock is at his office every day from 7 to 9 A. M., and from 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 P. M., and from 1 to 3 P. M. on Saturdays, to take in returns for dog licenses.

The wagon way of the railroad bridge in some places is dangerous to the horses passing over. The company should see to it before an accident occurs.

The biggest fight at the coming election will be between Berry and Boden, with the chances largely in favor of Boden, the Workingman's candidate.

The large building at the head of Saratoga street, built on what is called "Flat-iron Square," has received an addition, and the boys now call it "McGovern's Light-house."

A company of young men, headed by Col. R. W. Nelson, has been organized in this city for the purpose of working a silver mine. They expect to realize a round million out of their investment.

Harm Ackerson, who lives on Orchard street, between Mayo and Jefferson, and is in the employ of Charles Spinks, had a leg broken yesterday while unloading a wagon filled with stone. The accident happened on the wharf.

The new Mart Association and the owners of stalls are in trouble. Yesterday eight of the latter were brought before Judge Maplet for non-payment of stall rent and premiums, and judgment given in favor of the plaintiffs.

Two young men from Cincinnati went hunting out near the Water-works yesterday, but were arrested after killing a few birds, and brought before Esquire Hutchinson, who fined them each \$10 and costs and \$100 for the first offense.

It is rumored that the Rev. Patrick Guilfoyle, former pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, will shortly return to this city, under instructions from his Bishop, for the purpose of facilitating the settlement of the legal matters that he became involved in during the latter years of his ministry in this city.

COUNTY COURT.—A ferry license was issued to Edward Scofield and Fred Abbey, to run a skiff ferry from the town of Bellevue to the foot of Parson street, Cincinnati.

The will of Ignatz Janneman was probated, and Margaret Janneman qualified as executrix.

The will of John Henry Heman was probated, and Bernadine Heman qualified as executrix.

George Fowlless was appointed administrator of the estate of Richard Crevse, deceased.

LEXINGTON, KY.

John Sheppard, Esq., has gone to the Centennial.

Eight hundred and fifty-nine arrivals at the St. Nicholas last week.

Prof. E. F. Marsh is now champion chess-player over Mr. A. T. Parker.

The decision of Judge Hunt has been reversed by the Court of Appeals, in the case of Mike Collins, for murder. He was granted a new trial.

It was manifest on Saturday that Willie Ringold, a colored boy, in the employ of James A. Gresham, Esq., is the champion race-rider in Kentucky. We doubt if he has a superior anywhere.

The baker can now buy the very best flour for \$3 per hundred. Their 10-cent flour of bread only weighs one pound and five ounces. It is estimated that

they make a profit of over one hundred per cent.

From Sweet's Commercial History of Lexington, just published, in 1898 Lexingtonians saw their first elephant; yesterday they saw a whole circus. In Lexington was called the first city in the West. Now, where is it? Dr. J. W. Bright is the oldest Odd-fellow as well as Mason in the city.

In place of a commercial history of Lexington, as proposed by Mr. Sweet, his work is merely a history of some of our business men, which is certainly of considerable moment to buyers. All that persons have now to do when they want cheap goods is to refer to Sweet's Directory, and find out where a man was born, and he has the thing in a nutshell.

HAMILTON.

Commissioner Sample has created himself to a brand new hat which he christened Sunday last.

The Ladies' Book Club meets Saturday afternoon, at Mrs. Henry Beardsley's, on Second street.

Mrs. E. and daughter returned Saturday from a visit of several weeks to the East and the Centennial.

Dr. Egery, of Dayton, will address the Democracy to-night on the occasion of the raising of the Hickory pole.

The residence of J. W. Carr was entered by burglars on Sunday night and considerable clothing carried off.

Miss Nannie Kennedy, with her brother and niece, left yesterday for the Centennial and other points in the East.

The remains of James Carr, who died Monday at Fair Haven, were interred in Greenwood Cemetery yesterday afternoon.

J. Hargitt, County Clerk, yesterday, submitted his annual report, which was received by the Board of County Commissioners.

LUDLOW, KY.

Nick Brown, the urban proprietor of the handsome establishment at the corner of Ash and Canal streets, was the recipient of a serenade last evening. Prof. Dixon wielding the baton, was ably assisted by some first-class amateur talent. Mr. Brown is the most popular man in his business in this city, and was such compliments as that of last night.

The citizens of Ash street can point with pleasure to their beautiful improvement of which we will speak more fully hereafter, when the debris incident to such improvements are cleared, and our intelligent city daddies make a move to educate that detestable "Mugger," blot out that two-headed foot of an impassable disgrace to beautiful Ash street.

WEST COVINGTON, KY.

Judge J. W. Hayes, as usual, has placed us under much obligations for kindness and courtesies shown us as representative of the STAR.

The Finance Committee of the Tilden and Hendricks Club met at Centennial Hall last evening and resolved to expel any member of the Committee that failed to put in an appearance next Monday evening.

MIRACULOUS.

A Child Ran Over by a Railroad Train Escapes Unhurt.

One day last week an eighteen-months old child of Mr. Hayes, boss of a gravel train on the Cincinnati branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was playing on the track near Cincinnati. In its infantile mind there was no sense of danger, and it tottered about from one side to another unconscious of the fact that the iron monster was near. The spot with terrible and irresistible speed. The roar and rattle of the approaching train grew more distinct, and the quivering rails announced the approach of the train. Still the child sat between the two long lines of gleaming iron playing with the sand and pebbles within its reach. In another moment the locomotive shot around the curve, and the little mortal, with fear in its eyes, looked at its approach but made no attempt to escape. The engineer, a man named McGarr, observed the child, and his heart almost stood still as he whistled down breaks and reversed the engine. It was too late. By its tremendous speed the locomotive was bearing down on the spot the train was upon the spot, and in another the child, as the engineer supposed, was under the wheels. When the locomotive and one car had passed over the spot the train was checked, and the engineer jumped off, expecting to find the mangled remains of the child strewn along the track. What was his surprise and delight, however, to discover the infant comfortably lying between two ties and holding out its hands to be lifted out, not having received so much as a scratch. The engineer, who is not much given to kissing children, kissed that one.

Grasshoppers in Kansas.

The following original and characteristic account of the Kansas grasshopper plague is taken from a private letter to a gentleman in this city:

SALINE COUNTY, KAN., Sept. 8, 1878.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—No man can successfully fight against nature. The test is unequal—nature caring no more for a man than for a grasshopper. All the "hopper." To-day I lost sixty acres of wheat, eaten into the ground in less than an hour. I thought I had seen locusts two years ago, but I was mistaken.

At about 10 o'clock this morning I noticed a heavy smoke rising in the west. I said to myself, "That is strange-looking smoke. What causes it?" I sat on my wheat-drill and watched it. Rapidly it arose—smoke rising to the south, to the north, to the northeast, in a few minutes the column of smoke extended from the south around by the west to the northeast—the extreme limit of vision. While I was saying to myself, "Yes, I understand you now," my heart slowly sank. Unhappily my team, I put my full wheat-smoke in the wagon, looked at it, drove to the granary, unloaded, drove to the house, got my gun, and went prairie-chicken shooting. My wife looked at me in mid-surprise.

Quitting work on a beautiful day to go shooting was a queer thing, she thought. I did not have time to tell her that in less than four hours her nice granary would be cleaned out and that all our wheat would be gone. Soon the low hum, as of distant thundering machines, filled the air—the advance of the locusts. Louder, louder, ever louder the hum, till in a roar the countless billions of devourers were on us, all around us. The air was stiff with them. I could look at the sun without blinking. They settled on me. The north was covered with them. Yet not one in a thousand stopped. To the east they went in a vast cloud. A west wind, a gale, blew them.

For six hours they flew, a white cloud, and to-night there is not a wheat plant left in any of the counties about here. I sat on a hill and watched them, and smiled as I saw some hundreds tackling a sunflower, and I laughed as I saw them eat it.

How harmless they looked; but great Jove, how they ate! At what appetites they have. It would make a

disynaptic turn green with envy to see the way they fasten to anything edible. The characteristic of a grasshopper's appetite is that all he eats runs to appetite. Sixty acres of my wheat was up. Now it is down—the grasshoppers' feast. I suppose they will take the residue as it comes through the ground.

Well, I shall have to reseed, that is all. But the loss of seed and labor is pretty sore on me this year. I have joy in saying that I have eighty acres of wheat that will yield something. It is as hard as corn cake. I walked down this afternoon to see how they were making out with it. They had the stalks all stripped of leaves, and were sawing at the corn. But I could see that it was no go. Their teeth slipped over the bright-yellow surface. I have gone to haying again, and will hay until the locusts leave. I still keep three plows running, and will reseed as soon as possible. Our garden is perfectly cleared; beans, cabbages, potatoes, melons, everything utterly gone. The vines to the potatoes are gone, and I am expecting a boss hopper up here at any minute to request the loan of a spade to dig up my precious rhubarb. I shall refuse his request with scorn.

Modern Point-lace.

On a certain day we visited a Belgian gentleman and his wife, in whose possession were two of the most remarkable pieces of modern point-lace (needle point) that I have ever seen. The first was a three-cornered point or shawl, and was made of creamy white diamond-shaped silk, joined together for a ground, upon which were the forms, flowers, and shades of from fifty to a hundred field flowers and exotics, delicate wistarias, blue-eyed forget-me-nots, gorgeous dahlias and roses, and many a floral gem of name unknown save to the practical-botanist or florist. The web was as delicate as if woven of the spider's attenuated thread, and as strong and elastic as horse-hair. It was, in fact, needle point in both white and colored silk. The whole piece was so fine that it could be drawn through Madame Esther's wedding-ring. I burst into a rapture of delight when Mr. Eugene held it up between us and the light.

"I have found it!" I exclaimed. "I have found it! This is the magic web with colors gay woven by the fairy Lady of Shalott. I always suspected that wonderful web to be lace, and now I am sure of it."

"Softly," said Madame Esther, smiling. "I think this is modern point de Belgique, and none but the deft fingers of Belgian girls could have perfected these flowers. The Lady of Shalott was no doubt a lace artist, and her web was doubtless colored passement au fusain, but it was not equal to this. Beautiful, beautiful, indeed! It is the rarest piece of work of the kind I have ever seen, and my day I have handled the laces of many great needle-makers. Here are flowers of a hundred sorts, and growing into beauty, and arranged and grouped by an artist's hand."

Mr. Eugene: "The hand of D'Huyghens himself!"—gazing fondly at the marvelous creation, as he held it up in such a manner as to show to the greatest advantage the glowing hues that were imprisoned in its delicate mesh. "D'Huyghens designed the pattern, and then painted each flower, petal, leaf, and tendril separately for the parchment lace-workers, and the fingers of no less than eighty experts in needle point were employed a whole year in executing this wonderful triangle."

It was a masterpiece, fit for an empress or a queen of American society, would have found its place among the treasures of some crowned head of Europe, along with the lace dress of as marvelous beauty that was brought with it to this country. It had not been in the hands of a Frenchman. In fact, both pieces were made with the needle of a finding a purchaser for them in the Empress Eugenie. But the revolution in European affairs which banished Napoleon III and Eugenie from France seriously affected the lace industries of Belgium as well as those of France, and the lace artists of Mr. Eugene's manufactory are today engaged in selling oranges in the streets of Brussels, or starving, and his beautiful laces are in the hands of the New York Custom-house officials. Such pieces of work as the bankrupt lace manufacturer brought over are not at present in demand in Europe. Political affairs there are too unsettled, the situation too uncertain, for any queen and princesses to order \$25,000 dresses or \$5,000 gowns.—Harper's Magazine for October.

A Young Man Who Was Willing to Wed if the Girl Would Give Him \$25.

[From the New York Sun.]

A slender young woman slipped into Justice Rietty's private office in Brooklyn, yesterday morning, and said that she lived in Walworth street with a lady who objected to having James Malone, her last gentleman friend, see her at the house, because he had been a flag-bearer with tobacco juice. The night before James stayed with her until 11 o'clock, and yesterday morning the lady turned her out of the house. The lady owned her \$10, and she wished to have the Justice tell her how to get it. He told her to make a complaint, but she said she had no money to pay for a particular reason, which was a secret. The secret that she finally imparted to the Justice, on his promise not to tell, was that she was very anxious to marry James Malone, and she couldn't do it without the \$10. The Justice was puzzled until the girl which was written as follows:

BROOKLYN, July 4, 1890.—I will marry Jonathan Malone, a young man from the above date if she gives me \$25.

JAMES MALONE.

"We were looking at the fireworks at Fort Greene, Judge," the girl said, "on the Fourth of July. Jimmy says, 'say he, Jonathan, I would like to marry you, but I'm hard up. If you make it worth while for me to get married, if you will give me say \$25, I will promise to marry you.' And when we got home that night I put what he had said in writing. I have saved all I can, Judge, and have given Jimmy \$20 and I want \$5 more to give him." The Judge gave her his only advice, which she did.

MATRIMONIAL UNCERTAINTIES.—DESS MOINES, Ia., Sept. 12.—The other day a legionsive doctor—the priest—entered a coach of the Chicago & North Western Road at Cedar Rapids, in company with a pretty, light-hearted maiden. The train were bound for Marshalltown, and their object was matrimony. The maiden was all smiles, and the expectant husband moved with a self-satisfied air. The train stopped at a station, and another maiden, who had been waiting for the train, started up, and without the formality of an introduction, seated herself beside the man, and proceeded at once to remind him of a prior matrimonial engagement. He had made a mistake. In most positive terms she informed him that the business he was just now engaged in couldn't be carried out while she was around, and she had come to stay. He could not get a chance to say a word to the astonished little maid who sat on the other side of

him; but she kept up a vigorous thinking, and finally asked him that, if he cared anything about her, to put that other woman out of the coach. The husband got interested, and the passenger engaged in a lively conversation. The fellow stood the cross-examination until the train reached Belle Plaine, when he whispered to the man, "I thought he would take the intruder No. 2 into the station-house and leave her; and No. 1 was happy once more. But, when the train started, her would-be husband failed to appear, and that was the last she saw of him. She went into Marshalltown, where she stopped at a hotel, penniless and forsaken. To the landlord she told her tale, whereupon he provided her with means to return to her friends; and she went, dejected and disgraced. The would-be-puller and the girl who had "busted" the little arrangement on the cars took the next train for Marshalltown, and the next day the papers of that city told the sequel in an announcement of the marriage of the couple.

One of the speakers at the Massachusetts Woman's Suffrage Convention said that he had heard an orator compliment a lady as having eyes as bright as brass buttons on an angel's overcoat, and then vote against giving that angel a vote. That was hard.

The man who owns seven dogs, and can't afford to buy shoes for his children, is about this time making inquiries whether the relief societies are going to begin work in dispensing cosmetics. He sees starvation all around him.

The current issue of Harper's Bazar gives an illustration of a gorgeous wedding toilette. It is such pictures as this that discourage marriages and make a man resolve to do an old bachelor.

In the history of the jurisprudence of the State of Virginia the Supreme Court's records show that but one case of divorce was ever brought before it.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE CINCINNATI MARKET.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 19.—P. M.

WHEAT.—The market has been firm during the past week under an improved demand, and it closes steady. Fancy flour ranges from \$1.00 to \$1.05, and low grades are selling at \$1.00 per bushel. Flour is worth \$1.00 to \$1.05 per bushel.

GRAIN.—There is a moderate demand, and the market continues steady at the following rates: No. 1, \$1.00; No. 2, \$1.00; No. 3, \$1.00; No. 4, \$1.00; No. 5, \$1.00; No. 6, \$1.00; No. 7, \$1.00; No. 8, \$1.00; No. 9, \$1.00; No. 10, \$1.00; No. 11, \$1.00; No. 12, \$1.00; No. 13, \$1.00; No. 14, \$1.00; No. 15, \$1.00; No. 16, \$1.00; No. 17, \$1.00; No. 18, \$1.00; No. 19, \$1.00; No. 20, \$1.00; No. 21, \$1.00; No. 22, \$1.00; No. 23, \$1.00; No. 24, \$1.00; No. 25, \$1.00; No. 26, \$1.00; No. 27, \$1.00; No. 28, \$1.00; No. 29, \$1.00; No. 30, \$1.00; No. 31, \$1.00; No. 32, \$1.00; No. 33, \$1.00; No. 34, \$1.00; No. 35, \$1.00; No. 36, \$1.00; No. 37, \$1.00; No. 38, \$1.00; No. 39, \$1.00; No. 40, \$1.00; No. 41, \$1.00; No. 42, \$1.00; No. 43, \$1.00; No. 44, \$1.00; No. 45, \$1.00; No. 46, \$1.00; No. 47, \$1.00; No. 48, \$1.00; No. 49, \$1.00; No. 50, \$1.00; No. 51, \$1.00; No. 52, \$1.00; No. 53, \$1.00; No. 54, \$1.00; No. 55, \$1.00; No. 56, \$1.00; No. 57, \$1.00; No. 58, \$1.00; No. 59, \$1.00; No. 60, \$1.00; No. 61, \$1.00; No. 62, \$1.00; No. 63, \$1.00; No. 64, \$1.00; No. 65, \$1.00; No. 66, \$1.00; No. 67, \$1.00; No. 68, \$1.00; No. 69, \$1.00; No. 70, \$1.00; No. 71, \$1.00; No. 72, \$1.00; No. 73, \$1.00; No. 74, \$1.00; No. 75, \$1.00; No. 76, \$1.00; No. 77, \$1.00; No. 78, \$1.00; No. 79, \$1.00; No. 80, \$1.00; No. 81, \$1.00; No. 82, \$1.00; No. 83, \$1.00; No. 84, \$1.00; No. 85, \$1.00; No. 86, \$1.00; No. 87, \$1.00; No. 88, \$1.00; No. 89, \$1.00; No. 90, \$1.00; No. 91, \$1.00; No. 92, \$1.00; No. 93, \$1.00; No. 94, \$1.00; No. 95, \$1.00; No. 96, \$1.00; No. 97, \$1.00; No. 98, \$1.00; No. 99, \$1.00; No. 100, \$1.00; No. 101, \$1.00; No. 102, \$1.00; No. 103, \$1.00; No. 104, \$1.00; No. 105, \$1.00; No. 106, \$1.00; No. 107, \$1.00; No. 108, \$1.00; No. 109, \$1.00; No. 110, \$1.00; No. 111, \$1.00; No. 112, \$1.00; No. 113, \$1.00; No. 114, \$1.00; No. 115, \$1.00; No. 116, \$1.00; No. 117, \$1.00; No. 118, \$1.00; No. 119, \$1.00; No. 120, \$1.00; 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No. 357, \$1.00; No. 358, \$1.00; No. 359, \$1.00; No. 360, \$1.00; No. 361, \$1.00; No. 362